

PR
4759
H421r

BONI:

HER POEMS.

A
A
0
0
0
3
7
0
1
0
3
4



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



BY

B. HARRISON.



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





POEMS.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



Yours Sincerely
S. Garrison.

RABBONI:

And OTHER POEMS.

— BY —

S. HARRISON.

PR

4759

H 421.2

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
RABBONI	7
CHRISTMAS	9
A NEW YEAR	11
" UNDER HIS WINGS "	12
" ABIDE WITH US "	13
A WISH	14
" EBENEZER "	15
RETURN TO SALEM	18
FOR TO-DAY	19
THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME	20
" TREASURE TO BE DESIRED "	22
CHRISTMAS MORNING	23
" THEY SHALL WALK WITH ME IN WHITE "	24
BETHLEHEM	25
ALLELUIA	27
" A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST "	28
MY MOTHER	29

937250

	PAGE
" UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS "	32
GOD BLESS THEE !	33
" SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE "	34
" TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY "	35
" AS THY DAY THY STRENGTH SHALL BE "	37
CHAMONIX	38
" A HAPPY NEW YEAR "	39
THE ANGELS' SONG	40
GREETING ON A SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY	41
I'LL THINK OF THEE	42
LOVE	43
AN ODE TO " GIOTTO "	44
OUR " GIOTTO "	46
MY FRIEND " WATCH "	47



Rabboni.

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned and saith unto Him, Rabboni."—*John* 20, 16.

RABBONI ! Oh, my Master !
How dear to me Thou art.
Thy name is sweetest music,
It warms and cheers my heart ;
The angels, they were beautiful,
But they were strange to me.
Rabboni ! Oh, my Master !
I longed Thy face to see.

I came to seek Thee early,
E'en " While it was yet dark " ;
The stars looked down upon me,
And hope had left my heart ;
I knew that they had laid Thee
In Joseph's rocky tomb,
But angels said, " He is not here,"—
My soul was filled with gloom.

I wandered in the garden,
I lingered near the tomb,
I waited for the dawning,
Hoping to see Thee soon ;

The clouds hung low about me,
The morning was like night,
Because I could not find Thee,
Who only is the Light.

Then, I heard Thee call my name,
I knew it was Thy voice,
It was so sweet and tender,
It made my heart rejoice,
I turned, and then I saw Thee,
Oh, Jesus, Master, Friend !
Thy love is very wondrous,
Thy pity knows no end.

I would have clasp'd Thy wounded hand,
I would have kiss'd Thy feet,
I longed to stay close by Thy side,—
My bliss was then complete ;
The clouds had all departed,
The flowers were blooming fair,
My heart was filled with gladness,
For Thou wert with me there.

And now I'm waiting, waiting
For the morn that hath no night,
That sweet and blessed Country
Where faith is turned to sight ;
Where Jesus, my dear Master
Will gladly welcome me,
And where I hope to praise Him,
Throughout eternity.

Christmas.

"There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."—*Luke 2, 8.*

WE think, O Lord, on this glad day,
Of that calm, silent night,
When angels sang o'er Bethlehem,
And the star with its pale light
Shone on the place where Thou didst lie,
In Thy low manger bed,
And by its light the Shepherd band
Close to Thy feet were led.

We thank Thee, Lord, for that sweet song,
Which came to our poor earth.
We bless Thee for the veil of flesh,
Which clothed Thee at Thy birth ;
And for Thy meek and lowly life
In Mary's humble home ;
And for Thy victory over death,
And for the open tomb.

Oh ! Jesus, our Immanuel,
On this bright Christmas morn,
We, too, would echo back the strains
Gladly by angels borne.
We, too, with awe and wonderment,
By humble Shepherds led,
By faith would view the glorious rays
That shone around Thy head.

We did not hear that anthem sweet,
By bright-robed angels sung.
We did not see that wondrous light,
From Heaven's pure bliss which hung.
Nor did we see the angel choir
Wing back to heaven its band,
As the morning broke in silence
On Judah's pleasant land.

But, Lord Jesus, we have seen Thee ;
We bless Thee, Thou didst stay.
" God with us," our Immanuel,
" God with us " still to-day !
Be with us through the coming year,
As Thou with us hast been,
To cheer and bless us on our way,
And brighten every scene !



A New Year.

WHAT will the New Year bring to me ?

What will the New Year bring ?

New joys all bright and tinged with gold,

New songs that I may sing ?

Wilt Thou, New Year, give me new friends,

To cheer me on my way ?

Old friends are passing hence each year,

I miss them day by day.

Perchance this Year my way may tend

Up the rough mountain side.

I need not fear, for close at hand

I have a trusty Guide.

And if He points to higher heights,

'By me as yet untrod,

I'll firmer clasp my pilgrim staff,

And lean upon my God.

I cannot see—I do not know—

The windings of the way.

And so I go on trusting still,

My Guide from day to day.

He knows the place where I shall rest,

'Neath Elim's shady palms ;

So even in the wilderness

I sing my joyful psalms.

And so in Hope and Confidence,
I start another year,
Believing that what ere betide,
My Lord is ever near.
To gild with light my darkest night,
To be my Star, my Son,
My Strength, my Hope, my All-in-All,
Till travelling days are done.

“Under His Wings.”

“UNDER His Wings,” oh, how safe and how blest.

“Under His Wings,” there is gladness and rest.

In weakness and fear creep close to His side ;

Nothing can harm thee if there thou abide.
The path may be dark by which thou art led,

His out-stretched wings shall cover thy head,
And faith shall grow strong, while Hope sweetly sings,—

Oh ! how safe, Oh ! how safe “Under His Wings.”

“ Abide with us.”

“ Two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus.”

“ Jesus Himself drew near and went with them.”

COME walk with us, dear Lord, to-day,
As on life's chequered path we stray,
And on this hallowed Easter-tide,
Show to our faith Thy hands and side !

Come walk with us when days are dark,
When disappointment fills the heart,
When hopes once cherished withered lie,
Like tender flowers that bloom and die !

Come walk with us ! Oh, may we hear
Thy loving voice in accents clear,
As on we go with eager feet,
With hearts aglow in converse sweet !

Come in, O Lord ! And for awhile
Abide and bless us with Thy smile,
And in Thy lifted hands may we
The Sign of our Redemption see !

Come in, come in ! The sun is low,
The evening shadows longer grow,
And we would rest at close of day ;
Abide Thou with us, Lord, we pray !

O, happy Cleopas ! May we
Like thee our risen Saviour see,
And in the hush of solemn night,
Find holy peace and calm delight !

A Wish.

WHAT shall I wish for you to-day ?
That the sun may shine on you alway ?
That birds may sing, to cheer you with song ?
That clouds may lift as you pass along ?
That your friends may be always kind and
true ?
That your burdens be light, that your
sorrows be few ?
And, if stony your pathways ,that flowers
be there
To gladden your eye and scent the air ?
All this I wish you, and more.

I wish that our Saviour may take your hand,
And lead you day by day,
Through the valley where the shadows lie,
Or o'er mountains cold and grey ;
That your head may rest upon His breast,
In calm communion sweet,
Till the journey on earth is safely past,
And your bliss in heaven complete.

“Ebenezer.”

On the occasion of the Jubilee Celebration of the Baptist Church, Doals, Bacup, May 18th and 19th, 1912.

ONCE more, O Lord, to Thee we raise,
In this, Thy house, our song of praise,
Oh ! help us in this hallowed hour,
May peace descend like genial shower.

Thy people, Lord, have ever seen,
That Thou to them hast always been,
A refuge safe, a calm retreat,
From winter's storm or summer's heat.

And, often too, they here have felt,
When sinners at Thy throne have knelt,
The joy that angels know above,
When souls are saved by Sovereign Love.

For fifty years, Thy people here
Have served Thee, Lord, in holy fear ;
Have found that Thou art still the same,
The God of Jacob is Thy name.

Fifty long years ! The days have sped
Since that small band, Divinely led,
Joined hand in hand, with hearts aglow,
In solemn covenant's holy vow.

Loyal and true to Christ their King,
Then days were dark, yet did they sing,
As in their onward, upward fight,
They kept the Better Land in sight.

Sometimes to Marah's stream being brought,
They of the way in sadness thought,
Then, as they journeyed, Elim's palms
Brought welcome shades and healing balms.

To-day we think of spirits bright,
Who long have walked with Thee in white,
Who with us in this Temple trod,
And joined the psalm to Israel's God.

Some, like the corn, when fully ripe,
Are garnered safe from earthly strife,
And in the upper Temple stand,
Trophies of grace at God's right hand.

And some, ere yet their noon-tide sun
Shone on their path, their day was done ;
Before the evening shadows fell,
They cross'd the stream with Christ to dwell.

And some, how short, how brief their stay !
Like flowers they bloomed, then pass'd
away ;
Only to bloom in that fair clime,
Where summer suns ne'er cease to shine.

By the old Altar here we stand,
As on we press to Canaan's Land ;
Oh ! may we like our fathers be,
Valiant for truth and love to Thee.

'Twas here they gained new strength, new
light,
Which made them brave for God and
right ;
'Tis here by faith we place our hand,
Oh ! grant us grace like them to stand.

Through all the windings of the way,
Be with us, Lord, each day we pray ;
And may the pure Shechinah-light
Shine on Thine Israel every night.

Shine on our path where'er we stray,
At home, abroad, by night, by day ;
Till all our wanderings being complete,
We round the throne our loved ones greet.



Return to Salem.

On the occasion of the return of the Congregation
to the Salem Baptist Chapel, Stanningley, after
Alteration and Renovation, January, 1911.

ONCE more in Salem's courts we meet,
With thankful hearts our Lord to greet ;
Be near and bless us while we sing,
May every soul an offering bring.

'Twas here our fathers worshipped Thee,
'Twas here we too, on parent's knee,
Before our infant lips could pray,
Found this our home, 'tis ours to-day.

Here burdened hearts have felt Thy power,
Here souls distressed in sorrow's hour,
Have found relief, and faith's clear eye
Has visions seen beyond the sky.

We thank Thee, Lord ! Thou art the same,
The God of Salem is Thy name ;
Here chosen people Thou wilt bless,
While travelling in the wilderness.

Here as we journey we shall trace,
The road that leads to Jesus' face,
And often, on our homeward way,
To Elim's palms and fountains stray.

And some who worshipped with us here,
Now freed from pain, and grief, and fear,
Behold their Saviour face to face,
In yonder happy meeting-place.

Peace be within this hallowed shrine !
May joys akin to joys divine
Fill every soul with rapture sweet,
Till round the throne at last we meet !

For To-day.

MAY this day bring to thee
All that is best.
All that is holiest,
Gladness and rest.
Faith pure and simple,
Trust firm and strong.
May Christ be thy refuge,
Grace thy sweet song.
May Hope as a Pilot
Guide thy frail Barque,
By day in the sunshine,
By night in the dark,
And anchor thee fast to the
Rock that is High,
For nothing can harm thee
When Jesus is nigh.

The Colosseum at Rome.

IN sunny Italy there stands,
Rome's Colosseum vast and grand.
Centuries have passed, the years have fled,
Since first it reared its hoary head.

The great ones of proud Rome met here,
To rend the air with jest and jeer ;
While in the Arena side by side
The martyred Christians bled and died.

We stood and gazed upon the scene,
And tried to span the years between ;
Now all was calm, without a sound,
But, Oh, to us 'twas holy ground !

We gazed adown that narrow way,
Where sorrowing Christians once did stray,
And near the path on which we stood,
The soil once crimsoned with their blood.

Then, " Christians to the Lions," rolled
Along these lofty galleries old ;
While here beneath, disciples stood
And seal'd their witness with their blood.

Because of love for Christ's dear name
They fought with lions, suffered shame,
All earthly things they counted dross,
Compared with Him who bore the Cross.

Perchance, the Saviour came those days,
And said, " With you I am always,
Be faithful, you shall have the Crown,
And on the Throne with me sit down."

Hail, brethren, hail ! for ever blest !
With Christ, your Lord, you now do rest ;
You nobly pressed through grief and ill,
Your memories we cherish still.

And now amid that white-robed band
The Victor's Palm waves in your hand ;
No Seraph bright in that fair clime,
Can ever reach your song sublime.

We would, O Lord, be brave and strong,
Like those who loved and suffered long ;
Fair flowers strew our paths to-day,
While they left blood-marks on the way.



“Treasure to be desired.”

IF all the joys that I could wish,
Might come to thee on this glad day,
How many joys serene and fair,
Would circle round thine onward way !
I'd wish thee joys without alloy,
That satisfy and never cloy.
I do not wish that wealth should speed
To thee on glittering golden wing ;
Nor that the sea, her treasures rare,
Should widely on thy pathway fling.
Wealth, power, and fame, these do not stay,
How soon they fade and pass away.

Oh ! these are not the joys I wish
Might come to thee to-day ;
They are but gilded toys of earth
Which tarnish and decay.

I wish for thee a mighty faith,
With vision strong, and bright, and clear,
That mounts aloft to Pisgah's height,
And brings the distant City near ;
Where faith one day shall turn to sight,
And thou shalt walk with Him in white.

May Peace, sweet Peace, always abide
In every scene close by thy side ;
And whisper though the way seems long
“ Thou soon shalt join the Seraph's song,
In yon fair home of Love and Light
That knows no care, that knows no night.”

May Hope, thine Anchor, never fail,
To grip the Rock within the veil ;
Then onward shall thy vessel sail,
And breast the wave in every gale ;
No matter what shall thee betide,
Safe into port thy barque shall glide.

These are the joys I wish for thee,
Oh ! may they come each day,
To cheer thee in the wilderness,
And bless thy homeward way.

Christmas Morning.

O CHRISTMAS-TIDE ! O Christmas-tide !
Thou comest once again.
How hallowed are thy memories
Of angel's sweet refrain,
Of songs soft-floating on the air
When all were sunk to rest ;
Of morning star so pure and bright
Shining o'er Jesu's breast !
O Christmas-tide ! Sweet Christmas-tide !
May all to-day be blest.

“They shall walk with Me in white.”

I LOVE to think that one day we,
When this frail life is o'er,
Shall stand complete, without a stain,
Safe on the other shore.
There, where Pilgrims from every land
Now rest in calm delight ;
There, where the holy Martyr band,
Walk with Him clothed in white.

There, where the songs of Seraphs bright,
Swell through those mansions fair.
There, where the day shall know no night,
And hearts shall know no care.
There, where 'tis always summer-time,
And flowers know no blight,
And friends who once walked with us here,
Now walk with Him in white.

And can it be that one day we
Shall surely, surely see,
Thy face, dear Lord, that once was pale,
In dark Gethsemane ?
We know it was for us Thou prayedst,
In that lone solemn night,
As bending 'neath the Olive-shade,
That we might walk in white.

We thank Thee, Lord, that some we love,
Are safe at home with Thee.
We still dwell where the shadows fall,
They where no cloud can be.
We still are walking here by faith,
They where 'tis glorious sight,
And ever where the Lamb doth lead,
Now walk with Him in white.

We hope ere long to join that throng,
And bow with angels there.
To bear the palm which Thou wilt give
To all who love Thee here.
Oh ! make us worthy through Thy grace,
And faithful in the fight,
So that when days and years are past,
We too may walk in white.

Bethlehem.

O BETHLEHEM ! How sweet is thy wondrous
story,
Old as the ages, and yet ever new,—
Of Boaz 'mid the cornfields, so rich and so
golden,
And Ruth 'mong the maidens gleaning the
ears.

Of David, the son of the Bethlehemite Jesse,
The fair, ruddy youth, with sling and with
stone,

Of the Lion and Bear he slew in the thicket,
The Well by the gate, its waters so cool.

O Bethlehem ! How sweet, how touchingly
tender,

That lone grave at Ephrath, just by the
way,

Where rested the patriarch weary in sorrow,
And Rachael, beloved, in grief passed
away !

To-day we would think of the Shepherds so
hoary,

The Star in the East, the Seraph's sweet
song,

The manger so lowly, the Saviour so holy,
The gladness and joy of the night's bright
throng.

Oh, to have listened to the strains of sweet
music,

Sung by the angels that first Christmas
morn !

And oh, to have gazed on Thy face, dearest
Saviour,

Before it was marred by grief or the thorn !

O Bethlehem Ephratah ! low, but exalted,
Why should our Saviour come thus unto
thee ?

Because 'twas to help and to bless and to
save us,
He slept in the manger, died on the tree.

O sweet Babe of Bethlehem, Jesus,
Redeemer !
Be with us in life as years pass along,
And grant through Thy grace and distin-
guishing favour,
We join at the last the cherubim's song.

Alleluia.

WHAT shall we bring Thee, O our dearest
Saviour !

As lowly at Thy feet we kneel to-day ?
Gems of the mine, or pearls from hidden
fountains,

Or flowers that bloom in beauty round our
way ?

Oh ! we would bring Thee, Lord, this
hallowed morning,
Sweet songs of gladness such as angels
sang,

When o'er Thine infant form the glory
shining

Judean hills with Alleluias rang.

“ A Good Soldier of Jesus Christ.”

“ Put on the whole armour of God.”—*Eph.* 6, 11.

ARISE, young Christian Soldier,
And put thine armour on.
The Saviour is thy Captain,
His grace shall make thee strong.
The Sword that He shall give thee,
Two-edged, sharp, and long,—
There is none other like it,
For waging war with wrong.

Stand, therefore, always ready,
With truth gird up thy loins,
For He who calls thee onward
Will still uphold thy goings.
Thy breast-plate shall be Righteousness,
With Peace thy feet well shod.
Be valiant then, young soldier,
For holiness and God !

The Helmet of Salvation
Shall well protect thine head ;
It bears the marks of Calvary,—
’Twas there thy Saviour bled.
And every one who serveth
In such a war as this,
Shall dwell with Him in Heaven,
And with Him share His bliss.

And over all take with thee,
The Shield of faith, well tried,
For they must always bear it,
For whom the Saviour died.
No fiery dart shall hurt thee,
That Satan's rage may fling,
But thou shalt be victorious,
And stand before the King.

Then, when at last triumphant,
With joy thou there shalt stand,
The Victor's palm He'll give thee,
With His own pierced hand.
And on through the endless ages,
Oh ! this thy song shall be,—
“ All glory be to Jesus,
Who gave Himself for me.”

My Mother.

My Mother ! I think this morning,
Of the time when last we met.
It was summer-time, glad summer,
Oh ! shall I ever forget ?
The earth was very beautiful,
And all was bright and gay ;
But in our home was sorrow found,
For the dear one passed away.

I looked upon thy calm, sweet face,
Pale with suffering, long and slow.
I knew thou wert safe with Jesus,
And free from all care below.
But I missed thy smile that morning,
And the world has never been
Just the same to me, my mother,
Though long years have rolled between.

O Mother ! didst thou see me stand
Alone, by thy grave, and weep
When the pale stars shone above me,
And the world had gone to sleep ?
Thine ear had then already heard
The songs that the Seraphs sing,
For Angel bands had borne thy soul
To the Palace of the King.

My Mother ! Canst thou see thy child ?
Dost thou know when I am sad ?
And does thy heart o'erflow with bliss
When my heart is light and glad ?
I was young when last thou saw'st me,
But my hair is silvered now,
For the snows of many winters,
Now have fallen on my brow.

I still dwell where the flowers fade,
But thou where they deathless bloom.
I wander where the shadows fall,
But thou where 'tis high, full noon.

My song is often mixed with tears,
And falters on my tongue,
But Gabriel cannot reach the notes,
Which thy ransomed soul hath sung.

I sometimes think I hear thy voice,
As I heard it when a child,
When gathered round thy knee we knelt
In the op'ning hours of life.
This was the burden of thy prayer,
And this the petition asked,
"That we all might love the Saviour,
And meet Thee in Heaven at last."

And now I am only waiting,
Till the call to me is given.
Will it be some glad sweet morning
When I see thy face in Heaven ?
Or, will it be in the evening
When I fold my hands to rest,
And the last sigh of weariness,
Has fled from my quiet breast ?

So it matters not, dear mother,
When the call shall come to me,
It will but bring me to Jesus,
To Heaven, and Peace, and thee.
Oh, that He may make me worthy
Through His wondrous, matchless grace,
To bow with thee at His foot-stool
And gaze on His lovely face !

“Underneath are the Everlasting Arms.”

To a soldier in the war who wrote at the foot of all
his letters, “Safe in the Arms of Jesus.”

“SAFE in the arms of Jesus,”
Oh ! mayst thou ever rest.
“Safe in the arms of Jesus,”
Thou shalt be truly blest.
No ill shall e’er befall thee,
When near His wounded side ;
Ever in His embraces,
Thou shalt in peace abide.

Safe when thy night is darkest,
And clouds hang o’er thy way.
Safe when the morning bringeth,
To thee a glad new day.
Safe when at noon thou sittest,
Beneath some sheltering palm ;
Or in some soft green valley,
Thou sing’st thy joyful psalm.

Oh ! loved and hallowed shelter,
Oh ! blessed resting place,
’Tis here by faith thou viewest
Thy Saviour’s lovely face.
And when through grace made perfect,
When faith is turned to sight,
Thou shalt with joy adore Him,
In yon fair world of Light.

God bless thee.

Sent to our young men abroad during the war.

MANY dear friends are greeting thee to-day,
In tones of love to cheer thee on thy way ;
O'er land and sea from loved ones far and
near,

The message comes—" God bless thee
through the year " !

Therefore I send my greeting unto thee,
Although it is thy face I long to see ;
But love hath pinions very swift and light,
And she shall bear my message in her
flight.

I'd love to clasp thy hand and feel thee near,
As in the old, old days when thou wert
here.

But now I can but hope and fondly pray,
That God may bless thee through each
coming day.

God keep thee safe in this vain earthly strife,
And nobly may'st thou stand where wrong
is rife !

God make thee brave to dare and do the
right,
And strengthen and uphold thee with His
might !

God bless thee, then, where'er to-day thou
art,
For Jesus and His loved ones ne'er can
part !
Oh ! may'st thou feel His presence ever near.
God bless thee, then, God bless thee
through the year !

"Somewhere in France."

"SOMEWHERE in France" my Darling lies
sleeping,
Somewhere, somewhere in France.
At night the pale stars their vigils are
keeping,
Over his grave in France.

In Springtime kind hands will bring flowers,
And spread them o'er his breast ;
While like a sentinel stands a Cross
To guard where now he rests.

'Tis peace where thou sleepest, my Darling ;
Thy warfare now is o'er ;
The clash of arms and the cannon's roar
Shall never reach thee more.

Oh ! France, thou art rich with our treasures,
Hidden beneath the sod ;
But the Lord shall gather His jewels,
And give them back to God.

I shall know thee again, my Darling,
When the grave gives up its dead.
I'll hold out my hands and say, " My Child,"
Thou art, thou art not dead ! "

" Somewhere in France," my Darling lies
sleeping,
Somewhere, somewhere in France.
At night the pale stars their vigils are
keeping,
Over his grave in France.

" Tidings of Great Joy."

MAY we to-day, O dearest Lord and Saviour,
Know something of the joy the bending
Shepherds felt.
They heard the song, and saw Thy lowly
manger,
And humbly at Thy feet in adoration
knelt.

They saw Thee, O my Lord ! in wondrous
beauty,
Ere yet the crown of sorrow on Thy brow
didst rest.
Perchance they saw Thee smile when sweetly
sleeping,
Perfect in loveliness, upon Thy mother's
breast.

Or did they see Thee weep, my dearest
Saviour,
As lowly in Thy narrow bed they saw Thee
lay ?
Oh ! as they gazed upon Thy form in wonder
They saw Incarnate Deity in human clay.

O wondrous Love ! For us the Choir Celestial
Sang sweetest melodies of gladness, joy and
peace.
For us the Morning Star in its pure bright-
ness,
Leads on to that fair Home where earthly
night shall cease.

Grant us to-day, O our dear Lord and
Saviour !
Such joy as Thou dost give to those who
love Thee well ;
And as the Angels sang above Thy manger,
May we when life is o'er eternal anthems
swell.

“As thy day thy strength
shall be.”

I LOVE to think my Saviour
Has promised this to me ;
That as I journey onward,
As my day my strength shall be.

It may be I shall travel
’Midst shadows dark and deep,
And sometimes climb in sorrow,
The hill-side rough and steep.
But since my Lord has promised
New strength for each new day,
I need not fear the future,
Bring with it what it may.

Perchance, sometimes He’ll lead me,
Where flowers are blooming gay,
And where the hidden fountain
Shall cheer me on my way.
But Oh ! the joy of knowing
This promise is for me,
In sunshine or in shadow,
As my day my strength shall be.

And so I go on trusting
In this sweet promise still ;
It never yet has failed me—
Faith says, “ It never will.”
And when before His presence,
Where many mansions be,
I’ll sing with joy unceasing,
“ As my day my strength has been.”

Chamonix.

The Alpine village of Chamonix at the foot of
Mont Blanc.

BEAUTIFUL Chamonix ! Oh ! to be there,—
Where the Edelweiss blooms, flower so
rare,
And the Cow-bell's sweet notes fall on the ear,
And the Alpen-horn echoes far and near,—
To see in distance, like minarets tall,
Glittering peaks keeping watch over all ;
And in wonder and awe, once more to hear
The rush of the Avalanche loud and clear.
To see Mont Blanc as the sun sinks to rest,
With golden crown, and a star on his breast
And when the first shafts of light from the
sun
Fall on his brow ere the day is begun,
Oh, Monarch of all ! How peerless he stands,
Robed like a King in those white mountain
lands !

"A Happy New Year."

I SEND you a Loving Greeting,
On this Happy New Year's Day.
May your path be light and rosy,
As onward you speed your way.
And sometimes to faith's clear vision
May the pearly gates appear,
And seraph's songs, from that fair land,
Fall on your listening ear.
May Christ our Lord with His right hand
Support you and hold you up,
Under His feathers safe and warm,
May you still serenely trust.

The Angels' Song.

HAIL Blessed Morning ! so sweet and so hallowed,

We come once again with our offerings of Love.

Angels first chanted the wonderful story,
When Jesus, Immanuel, came from above.

Oh ! how they sang while the pale stars were shining,

And the shepherds with joy first caught the glad strain,

“ Peace and Goodwill ” while the music was swelling ;

And we this glad morning send back the refrain.

Oh ! happy singers, ye were sinless and fair,
Ye never knew sorrow, temptation, or care.
Ye dwell where the Seraphim shine in their bliss,

'Twere meet that pure lips should sing anthems like this.

Oh ! Jesus our Saviour, we bring Thee our song,

We are sinful and weak, and faltering our tongue ;

But Thou wilt receive us, for us Thou didst lay

In the manger so lowly clothed with our clay.

Greetings on a Sixtieth Birthday.

WHERE are they gone, those Sixty long years?
So full of hopes, of smiles, and of tears,
So full of visions of scenes long past,
Sacred and sweet, that ever shall last.

Oh ! they are treasured in memory's shrine,
Sweet thoughts are there that are only
thine.

No one shall share them, no one shall own
Those hallowed joys, they are all thine own

They are not lost, those Sixty long years ;
They are wealth untold, those smiles and
tears ;

They are tinged with youth, mellowed by
time,
Those Sixty years, but they all are thine.

They are thine to-day, those bygone years,
So full of hopes, of smiles, and of tears,
So full of visions of scenes long past,
Sacred and sweet, that ever shall last.

I'll think of thee.

I'LL think of thee when the night-winds are
sighing,

Soft through the orange-groves golden and
gay.

I'll think of thee when the sun in his bright-
ness,

Shines on my path to gladden my way ;
And when the pale stars their vigils are
keeping,

I'll pray that thy sleep may be full of
sweet rest.

And Oh ! mayst thou know thou'rt in His
gracious keeping,

Who grants His Beloved a place on His
breast.

Love.

LOVE never is weary,
But ever doth say—
“ I hear when thou callest,
By night or by day.
I wake when thou sleepest,
I smile when thou’rt sad,
To make thee both happy,
Contented, and glad.
If thou hast a burden
Too heavy for thee,
I gladly will lift it,
And share it with thee.
I will tell thee when friend
After friend shall depart,
Thou still art most precious
And dear to my heart.
I will sing thee a song
Of hope in the night,
Of the city most fair,
Which gleameth in sight.
And Oh ! when thou hearest
The call ‘ Come away,’
I then shall go with thee,
Up Heaven’s bright way.”
For Love is immortal,
Love, Love never dies,
It dwells with us here,
And lives in the skies.

An Ode to "Giotto."

"Giotto" was the writer's little dog which bore
an Italian name.

"GIOTTO," thy name, time-honoured and
grand,

Tells us again of bright Italy's land ;
When ever we call thee we think once again,
Of the Orange groves stretching over the
plain,

And the Myrtle, and Vine, and the Almond
tree fair.

Beautiful Italy ! Oh. to be there !

" But who is this Giotto " ? my friend might
ask,

" This Giotto that charms you with scenes
that are past."

He is just a dear, little dog full of fun,
Who skips like a fawn in the morning sun,
Who is happy, and bright, and cheerful all
day,

And sometimes grows weary with over much
play.

He knows who are kind, and those who are
other,

He loves a warm corner with " Watch," his
dear brother ;

And Oh ! when the biscuits come out as a
treat,
How readily both of them fly to a seat.
And sit on their tails, and blink, and would
speak
If 'twere possible, but all ends with a squeak.
And then, with a rush and a snap and a bite,
They chase one another with zealous delight,
Till strength seems to fail, then peace reigns
once more,
And " Giotto " and " Watch " lie asleep on
the floor.
Dear little " Giotto," thy life's just begun,
May thy name be honoured when thy work
is done,
For we all will love thee and tend thee each
day ;
Be thou to us true for ever and aye.



Our "Giotto."

Written on his death. He being buried under
the Rose-tree.

DEAR little "Giotto" thy work is now done,
And thou sleepest where Roses are bloom-
ing ;
But our tears fall like rain, when we think
once again,
Thou art sleeping where Roses are bloom-
ing.

We have loved thee much, we have loved
thee long,
And we love thee more now thou art gone ;
Still our tears fall like rain, when we think
once again,
That our "Giottie" now sleeps 'neath the
Roses.

Dear little Doggie ! thy memory is sweet,
Like the rose leaves that fade and fall at
our feet ;
Still our tears fall like rain, when we think
once again,
That our "Giottie" lies under the Roses.

My Friend "Watch."

"Watch" was the brother Doggie to "Giotto."

HE was but a little Doggie,
His coat was brown and rough,
He loved us all and we loved him,
And that was quite enough.
Though his antics were fantastic,
His voice not very sweet,
His welcome ever was the same
To those he loved to greet.

He ne'er forgot an injury,
However long ago ;
He fought with vigour for his rights,—
He never feared his foe.
But now he's gone, good little "Watch,"
His work for us is done,
But we miss him in the morning,
At noon, and set of sun.

Dear little friend, I bring to thee
This tiny wreath to-day,
And ever green it will remain
Though years may pass away.
I stand beside thy narrow bed,
Thou'st gained thy well-earned rest,
And Pansies now are blooming,
Over thy quiet breast.





This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 370 103 4

PR
4759
H421

